THE PARLIAMENT Arraigned, Convicted; 2 Wants nothing but EXECUTION.

Wherein you may evidently discern

All the blessed Fruits of their Seven Years Session, tending to the *Dishonour of God*, the *Ruin of the Church of Christ* in this Kingdom, the *Unkinging of His Majesty*, the *Destruction of our Laws*, the *Erection of Tyranny*, and the *perpetual Bondage of a Free-born People.*

Written in the *Year of Wonders*, being the Eighth Year of the Lords and Commons dissembled at *Westminster*;

BY

Tom TYRANNO-MASTIX;
alias,
MERCURIUS MELANCHOLICUS,
(Well-wisher to all such Parliaments)

To their Everlasting Glory, *Amen.*

Printed for the Publick View of all His Majesty's faithful Subjects; and are to be sold at the old Sign of *You may go Look.* Anno Dom. 1648.

65 (E)

TO THE
READER.

TO all or none that ſtyle themſelves with the Title of true Engliſh; *yet you will ſay, that's a* Bull; *Well, let it be ſo, the Kingdom ſhall have a* Skin, Head, *and* Horns, *and the* Parliament *the* Body. *Here you may ſee, and not ſee; hear, and not hear; judge, and not judge; what the* Author *here preſents, is for your own, not others Good; you are under a very ſtrong Deluſion; the God of this World hath ſettled ſuch a Dimneſs on your Eyes, that the* Catarrhs *are almoſt irrecoverable; only the* Author, *out of an affectionate Zeal to the* publick Good, *hath compounded this* Collyrium *or* Eye-Salve, *whereby, upon the firſt Receipt, you may eaſily diſcern your priſtine* Freedom, *your preſent* Thraldom, *your* Sovereign's Miſery, *and the* Subject's Slavery, *pencil'd in plain* Engliſh, by

Your well-wiſhing Friend

Tom. TYRANNO-MASTIX,

alias

MERCURIUS MELANCHOLICUS.

To the Work.

Go little Creature, in thy poor Attire,
And crave a Kiſs at every Hand thou meets;
Although thou haſt no Merit to admire,
Yet be the bolder tho' thou beggeſt i'th' Streets.
If th' ask, what art? bid them look in and ſee,
Then Ten to One but thou ſhalt welcome be.

To all true Subjects.

As a Co-partner in your ſad Complaints,
To hear the doleful Sighing of your Souls,
I truly ſorrow, yea my Spirit faints,
To ſee you periſh thro' the proud Controules
Of *Faction*; yet let this your Hopes maintain;
The Sun, tho' hid in Clouds, will ſhine again.

To the Parliament.

They ſtumble ſoon, that going, gaze on Stars;
Your lofty Flight doth predicate a Fall:
The ſweeteſt Sins, when ſtrain'd to th' higheſt Jars:
Heark, how ſwift, Vengeance croaks your Funeral.
Tho' Heaven hath ſeem'd to ſmile, and Time comply:
Your Doom is juſt, and you condemn'd to die.

Sæpe ſiniſtra cava prædixit ab ilice cornix.

THE
Parliament Arraign'd, &c.

THere ſtands an Iſland between the *Atlantick* and *Ducalidon* Seas, ſtored with all the chiefeſt Treaſures of Nature; for Martial Achievements honourable through the World, famous in the Production and Government of many glorious Kings and Princes, where Peace did ſpread her ſilver Wings; and Chriſtian Unity, from the root of unfeigned Love, did branch itſelf unto the fartheſt Boundaries of the Land, that the neighbouring Nations might participate and taſte the Fruit thereof.

But as nothing viſible can challenge Permanency; ſo Fortune, ambitious to ſhow herſelf Omnipotent, took Spleen againſt this Iſle, and thereupon, in a raging Mood, ſhut in her Day of Beauty, Love, and Peace, with diſmal Clouds of Contention, blaſts all her Roſes and Lillies of Happineſs, and long-enjoy'd Amity, with the noiſom and peſtiferous Showers of a ſanguinolent and bloody War. Thus it began.

The King thereof being of a tractable Nature, and too Liberal, guilty in the ſatisfying the ambitious Deſires of his Servants, cauſed ſome par-

particular Murmurings among the People; which once kindled, could not be allay'd without a Parliament, (a Convention of Lords and Commons, a Cuſtom in neceſſitous Times, continually uſed in that Iſle; that is to ſay, divers of the chiefeſt of them drawn into one unite Body; but no ſooner were they, by Royal Authority, convened, but every Frog began to ſwell into an Elephant, to lift up their Heels againſt their Head, and kick at that Majeſty who had given them Being (*an Act of greateſt Inhumanity!*) who then, too late, did ſee, *Tho' Kings are Gods, yet they live in Palaces of Fleſh.* But Treaſon never went without a juſt Reward; and this Parliament ſhall be enroll'd in the Monuments of Fame, for the moſt traiterous that ever was; who, inſtead of curing the National Maladies, added freſh Fuel to their encreaſing Flames; dethrones their Liege Lord and Sovereign, raiſes a moſt dreadful and bloody War, lays heavier Burdens than *Pharaoh's* Task-maſters on the People, and finally, brought a general Ruin and Deſtruction on the Kingdom.

Whereupon, the abuſed People, finding (*in theſe*) the Stream of their Affections in another Courſe, and altogether exhauſted of all popular Privilege, (beſides having ſuffer'd ſuch inſupportable Tyrannies, contrary to their intended Principles) repairs to common Juſtice for Redreſs, who freely granted out this Hue and Cry.

To all Mayors, Sheriffs, Bailiffs, Conſtables, &c. (except thoſe are hereafter excepted, viz. *Mr. Mayor of* London, *Mr. Mayor of* Weſtcheſter, *Mr. Mayor of* Newcaſtle, *Mr. Mayor of* Windſor, *not forgetting Mr. Mayor of* Eaſt-Looe *in* Cornwal, *and all other the Independent Tribe, the Family of publick Faith, and Fraternity of free Liberty) and to every of them.*

THeſe are, in his Majeſty's Name, ſtrictly to charge and command you, and every of you, that immediately, upon Sight hereof, you make Hue and Cry within your ſeveral Precincts and Counties, after a loathed, traiterous, and rebellious Parliament, that was begotten in an ill Hour, brought forth in Diviſion, and bred up in Faction and Oppreſſion; of a bloody Countenance, hard Heart, and ſeared Conſcience; that hath brought all the Plagues of God upon a Nation, turned the Church out of Doors, the King out of his Throne, our Love into Hatred, our Peace into War, our Plenty into Poverty; that hath robb'd the whole Kingdom both of Eſtate and Happineſs, changed Law into Liberty, Religion into Hereſy, our Freedom into Slavery; and brought upon an innocent People, (inſtead of Bleſſing) Mourning, Woe, Lamentation, and Deſtruction; And upon Sight of him, to apprehend him, and bring before us, his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace, to be dealt with, and proceeded againſt, according to the Laws of this Land in ſuch Caſes made and provided. Hereof fail not, at your utmoſt Peril.

Given under our Hands, the firſt Year of his Majeſty's ſad Impriſonment at Carisbrook-Caſtle, *in the Iſle of* Wight.

Faithful *Philolaus*, } Knights Juſtices of Peace
Loyal *Intention*, } and Quorum.

No

No sooner was this Hue and Cry in several Copies dispersed to the Mercy of the four Winds, but, as if Heaven and Earth had conspir'd together against Treason and Rebellion, they unite their Forces; the Winds bellow, the Waves beat, the Earth trembles at the Thought of such an hideous Malefactor: Officers of all degrees, suspend the necessity of their own Affairs to prosecute the Command. At last, one Mr. *Diligent-Enquiry*, Constable for the City of *Westminster*, (according to his accustom'd Vigilancy) upon privy Search, found the Body of this Traytor divided into Members; some of them in a Bawdy-house, some in Taverns, some in Tobacco-shops, some licking their Fingers at a Three-penny Ordinary, some lapping Independent Plumb-broth in the Devil's Cook-room at Hell in *Westminster*, some at Goldsmiths-Hall at Dinner, made of the Fat and Rapine of the People; some making Compounds of many simple Delinquents, some he found tormenting Souls in the Composition of *Tophet*, some casting strange Guns, and Ordinances, to beat down Religion about the Kingdom's Ears, and to batter our fundamental Laws to Atoms, and command the whole Estates of the Land under their Lee; some, as busy as Bees, gathering the *Cicropean* Honey-money of this Isle into their own Hives, *&c.* Which several Members, Mr. *Diligent Enquiry* having gleaned into a Body, brought before Mr. *Legal Authority*, Justice of the Peace and *Quorum*; who finding the Malefactor guilty of many bold Abuses, bloody, rebellious, and incomparable Treasons, commit him to the common Gaol, there to remain, without Bail

Bail or Mainprize, until the grand Aſſize, where, at preſent, we leave him, deſiring the Reader to peruſe this enſuing Table.

Lord Righteous, *Judge.*

Clerk of the Aſſize, Sir *Faithful Philolaus.*

Sir *Loyal Philalethes*, } Juſtices of the Peace
Mr. *Legal Authority*, } and Quorum.

CRYER.

Nobleman.		Free-Man.	
Knight.		Rich-Man.	
Eſquire.		Poor-Man.	
Gentleman.		Innocent-Man.	
Publick-Good.		Patient-Man.	
Common-Loſs.		Loyal-Man.	
Common-Intereſt.		Honeſt-Man.	
Allegiance.		Quiet-Man.	
Conformity.		Well-meaning Man.	
Orthodox.		Enſlaving-Man.	
Unity.		Loſt-All.	
Charity.		Undone.	

Mr. *Grand Inqueſt.* — *Jury of Life and Death.*

Mr. Parliament, *Malefactor.*

Mr. Neceſſity, *Proſecutor.*

Jealouſies and Fears,	Orphans Tears.	*Witneſſes.*
Blood,	Publick Faith,	
Widows Sighs,	Soldier Conſcience,	

Attorney-General, *Equity.*
Counſellor, *No-Bribe.*

Synod,
Scot,
Independency, } *Plaintiffs for the Priſoner.*

Thus the Court being complete, I muſt preſs ſome neceſſary impoſitions upon the Reader, eſſential to the proſecuting of our Work

in hand: Therefore, courteous Reader, underſtand that we ſhall proceed as near as we can in order of a Seſſions, where the Court being ſet, the Jury impanel'd, the Witneſſes ſworn, the Priſoner is call'd to the Bar, his Indictment is read, and according to the Evidence brought in againſt him, he is found guilty of High-Treaſon, againſt God, his King, and Country; arraign'd, convicted and condemn'd. Therefore, for Brevity ſake, we ſhall paſs by ſome things as unneceſſary, and proceed in order; Therefore, I deſire thee to imagine the Court ſet, the Jury ſworn, *&c.* and the Jaylor commanded to ſet the Priſoner to the Bar.

The Indictment read by the *Clerk*.

Clerk. Mr. *Parliament*, hold up thy Hand at the Bar. (look on the Priſoner, Maſters of the Jury) Thou art indicted in the Name of our Sovereign Lord King *Charles*, by the Name of *Parliament*: That whereas againſt the Laws of God, and the Laws of Nature, and the Laws of our Sovereign Lord the King; thou haſt traiterouſly and felonioufly rais'd War againſt thy King, that thou haſt made thyſelf drunk with the Blood of his Loyal Subjects; and (pretending Liberty) haſt perſecuted even unto Death; not ſparing the Prophets, but moſt barbarouſly haſt murder'd them, flung them into Priſons, ſtarv'd them, *&c.* and exercis'd all manner of Impiety againſt God, againſt the King, againſt the fundamental Laws, and againſt the People. Againſt God by Blaſphemy, Sacrilege, and Perjury, and all Prophaneneſs; againſt the King, by robbing him (not only of his People) but of his Power, his Crown, his Revenue,

Revenue, Houſes, Lands, Goods, *&c.* Againſt the People by ſhedding their innocent Blood, leading them by the Noſes, making them fight with one another, kill one another, not knowing why, nor wherefore, polling them by illegal Impoſitions, and pilling them by no better than Monopolies, Taxes, Sequeſtrations, Plunders, and all manner of Rapine, to the utter Undoing and Impoveriſhing of them, or the moſt part of them, amuſing them with Fears and Jealouſies, and making them (like cunning Jugglers) believe any thing, tho' never ſo falſe, by caſting a Miſt before their Eyes, till thou haſt pick'd their Pockets; and this hath been their chief Art theſe ſeven Years, as by woful Experience we ſee at this day without Spectacles, what innumerable Tricks have been uſed to milk the Purſes of the People, under Colour to maintain a War againſt the King and his evil Council, when it was to ruin the People, to impoveriſh them, and bring them into irrecoverable Slavery and Oppreſſion under a tyrannical Parliament, and more than a tyrannical and inſulting Army; that have ſought all Ways to murder your Prince; firſt, having pulled out of the Church, Biſhops, and cry'd down all Order and Diſcipline, to place in their ſtead, Babes of Grace, pure Parricides, Independents and apoſtated Levites, *Sedgwick*, *Burgeſs*, *Martial*, and the whole Tribe of *Many-Aſſes*, and Owls of the Aſſembly, that you knew you could make preach, or do what you could deſire, tho' never ſo contrary to Truth, Religion, or Reaſon, tho' to countenance bloody and abhorred Actions, murder Kings, and the like: That, the better to enſlave the People,

you have enter'd into a deviliſh and dangerous Combination to deſtroy Monarchy, to introduce Anarchy, to engroſs the Militia and Power of the Sword to effect your curſed Deſigns: That you have ſet up intolerable Taxes, inſtead of pulling down Monopolies: That you have uſed Religion for a Cloak for your Knavery, giving Thanks for ſhedding of Blood, tyrannizing over both the Perſons and Purſes of the People, with intent to inſlave and vaſſal both them and their Poſterity: That you have moſt traiterouſly gull'd his Majeſty into Priſon, with intent to murder him, the better to keep it from the Peoples Knowledge.

What ſay'ſt thou, Parliament? art thou guilty of this Treaſon, or not?

Parl. Not guilty, not guilty, my Lord.

Clerk. How wilt thou be tried?

Parl. By God and my Conſcience.

Judge. Nay, for thy Conſcience, that's as wide as Hell itſelf, as may appear by thy Indictment. What can the Witneſſes ſay concerning the Priſoner? Call them in.

Cryer. If any Man can give Evidence, or ſay any thing againſt the Priſoner, let him come forth, for the Priſoner ſtands upon his Deliverance.

Clerk. Call in *Jealouſies and Fears, Blood, Widows Sighs, Orphans Tears, Publick Faith, Soldiers Conſcience.* Come forth and proſecute, or you forfeit your Recognizance.

Cryer. Every Man keep Silence, upon Pain of Impriſonment.

The Witneſſes are ſworn, every one according to his Knowledge, to give a true Evidence for the King againſt the Priſoner at the Bar.

Clerk.

Clerk. Jealouſies and Fears, Stand up. What can you ſay for the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

Jeal. and Fears. O, my Lord, I have been made uſe of, upon all Occaſions, to delude the People, and to make them think of Danger where none was. My Lord, I was meerly drawn in by the Priſoner for his own Turn, ſince he ſent me packing when he had ſerved his own End of me. *Blood* can give you a more clear Evidence.

Clerk. Blood, Stand up. What can'ſt thou ſay for the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

Blood. My Lord, I ſhall cry continually againſt this curſed Horſe-leech, that hath gorged himſelf with me ſo full, that he hath ſpewed me up again, till the Earth hath been made as drunk with me as the Sword, from the Blood of *Straſford* to the Blood of 100000 Innocents, *Canterbury*, *Tomkins*, *Challenor*, *Burley* the King's Meſſenger, the *Surrey*-Men, and an infinite many more, that have been barbarouſly and inhumanely ſlain for their Allegiance and Fidelity to their Royal Sovereign; nay, my Lord, they are ſo Inſatiate, that nothing can quench their Thirſts, but Royal Blood, the Blood of the King, and all his Royal Progeny, in which he would waſh his Hands, if poſſibly he could attain to his Ends; ſo that the whole Earth is filled with Blood and Violence, Father againſt Son, Brother againſt Brother, and one Friend againſt another. Tho' *Curſed is he that ſhall ſlay an innocent Perſon, and all the People ſhall ſay, Amen*, Deut. xxix. 25. *The Land that ſheddeth innocent Blood, innocent Blood ſhall be upon it*, Deut. xix. 10. And, *Innocent Blood the Lord*

will

will not pardon, 2 Kin. xxiv. 4. Yet, my Lord, this Traytor hath made a Trade of ſhedding innocent Blood, and doth ſtill to this Day.

Clerk. Wid. Sighs, Stand up. What can you ſay for the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

Wid. Sighs. My Lord, my Heart and a Thouſand more are ſo broke with weeping for the Death of our Husbands and dear Children, whoſe Lives this Traytor hath taken away, that we cannot ſpeak more for weeping, but ſtill cry out for Vengeance againſt this Parricide, this bloody Murderer.

Clerk. Orph. Tears, Stand up. What can'ſt thou ſay for the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

Orp. Tears. My Lord, I loſt my Father by this cruel Traytor, and ſo have many Thouſands of us, and have cried unto Heaven for Vengeance againſt him; that is all I could do, or can ſay.

Clerk. Publ. Faith, Stand up. What can'ſt thou ſay for the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

Publ. Faith. My Lord, he hath been the Confuſion of me; I could recount innumerable Tricks to drain the People, and to milk their Purſes of their Money, as the free Loans and Contributions upon poor Publick Faith, amounting to vaſt and incredible Sums, Money, Plate, Horſes and Arms, Bodkins, Thimbles, Wedding-Rings, *&c.* and a thouſand more that he hath uſed to enſlave the People.

Clerk. Soldiers Conſcience, Stand up, and give Evidence for the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

Cryer. Call Soldiers Conſcience.

Cryer.

Cryer. Soldiers Conſcience, Soldiers Conſcience, Come into the Court, and give Evidence for the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar, or elſe you forfeit your Recognizance.

Clerk. My Lord, he is ſlipt away, being afraid to appear in the Face of the Court; 'tis likely he is a party with the Priſoner.

Righ. Judge. There be Witneſſes enough without him. Maſters of the Jury, you hear what is prov'd againſt him; how traiterous he hath been againſt God, his King and Country, againſt the fundamental Laws of the Kingdom, in that he hath renounced his ſworn Allegiance, when it is declar'd, 3 *Jac. cap.* 4. *That if any Perſon ſhall put in Practice, to abſolve, perſuade, or withdraw any of his Majeſty's Subjects from their Obedience to his Majeſty, his Heirs or Succeſſors, or move them, or any of them, to promiſe Obedience to any other Prince, State, or Potentate; that then every ſuch Perſon, their Procurers, Counſellors, Aiders and Maintainers, ſhall be adjudged Traytors.*

None can deny, but the Head is over the Members, and not the Members over the Head: all Subjects being to perform both *Active* and *Paſſive Obedience* to their lawful King, (as the Members to the Head) in all Cauſes, at all Times, and in all Places: But this Priſoner, Mr. *Parliament*, is notorious Guilty; for the King being Head, Beginning and End of a Parliament, and no Act can be made without the King's Aſſent, therefore this Parliament ſtandeth guilty of Perjury, by encroaching upon the Juriſdictions belonging to the King; and hath falſified their Faith, by voting, *That no more Addreſſes ſhould be made to him, or Meſſages receiv'd from him.* No

Law

Law can make a Servant to be above or greater than his Master, nor a Subject greater than his King; for the King having an undoubted Right to the Crown, and being his lawful Sovereign, and his Allegiance being due unto his Natural Person, both by the Law of God, Nature, and the Law of the Land, recogniz'd and acknowledg'd by former Parliaments in all Ages, confirm'd by undeniable Authorities in Law, upon Record, that evidently proves, that his Allegiance is due unto his Natural Person, by the Law of God, Nature, and the Law of the Land, and can neither be abjured, released, or renounced, being inseparable from the Person of the King, and indispensably due from the Prisoner to his Majesty. Therefore, any reasonable Man may conclude, that Mr. *Parliament* hath perjur'd himself in withdrawing his Allegiance from his Liege Lord the King, which is directly against the Law of the Land; and hath, moreover, falsified his Faith and Allegiance to his King, God's Anointed, and crowned his natural Liege Lord, Sovereign and lawful King, both by Descent, Coronation, Investure, and undoubted Right, which by the Law of the Land is due unto him from all his Subjects, every one of them having taken this following Oath.

To be true and faithful to their Sovereign Lord K. Charles, *and his Heirs, and Faith and Truth shall bear to him of Life and Member, and Honour. And you shall neither know, nor hear of any Ill or Damage intended unto him, that you shall not declare:* So help you God.

Now

Now (pray mark it Jury) you are to consider, Whether this Prisoner hath any Power against the King, or whether the King hath not Power to hang him for his most detestable Treachery against his Person, in betraying it to Prison, against the Law of God, Nature, and the Law of the Land, the Closlier to murder and make him away, as may more evidently appear by the Examinations, upon Oath, of Mr. *Osburn* and *Dowcet*, against *Rolf*, that should have been the accursed Instrument to make him away, either by Poison, or Pistolling, or otherwise: The King hath no Supreme but God alone, and it is sufficient Punishment for him, because he must expect God to be the Revenger if he commits any Wrong; for every Man is under the King, and the King under none but God alone; he is not inferior to his Subjects; he hath no Peer in his Realm; he hath the sole Government of his Subjects. Therefore, Mr. *Parliament*, thou heareſt what is objected against thee; thou hast now Liberty to answer for thy self, *Guilty*, or, *Not Guilty*.

Parl. My Lord, I little weigh what any of these can say against me, and am so far from acknowledging the least Circumstances objected against me, that I utterly deny all, and claim my Privilege.

Judge. Thou art quite past Shame and Grace, and surely given thy self to the Devil, else thou could'st never have the Face to deny the least Tittle. Is this all thou canst say for thy self?

Parl. More than I need to say; yet I shall speak a Word or two to the People: Did not

you chuſe me; cry out for a Parliament, a Parliament? Nothing could ſatisfy you but a Parliament; and now you have a Parliament, will you not be ruled by a Parliament? Did not ye bring your Treaſure, and fling it down at my Feet whether I would or no; your Gold, your Silver, your Plate, your Horſes, your very Thimbles and Bodkins, *&c.* O then you'd live and die with me, ſtand up as one Man for me; venture all, Life, Eſtate, and all ye had with me: And pray what have I made uſe of more than you promis'd me? Have not I eas'd you of your Wealth, Religion, King, Laws, and brought you into the bleſſed Liberty of the Saints, that any of you may preach what you will, and do what ye liſt, (ſo it be not againſt me) made you all Kings and Beggars; and am I thus rewarded? Well, *London*, *London*, 'twas thou——

Right Judge. We'll hear no more. Jury, you hear his Imperiouſneſs, Ignorance, and zealous Folly; that ſhews what Degrees he hath taken, from a Cobler to a Preacher, from a Preacher to a Captain, from a Captain to a Committee-man, from a Committee-man to a Colonel, and then he is a Companion for a Prince, nay a King himſelf; rules, reigns, and rebels amongſt his Fellow-Kings, whoſe Lives and Profeſſions, Natures and Arts, Inwards and Outwards, agree in all, like Canters and Gypſies: They are all Zeal, and no Knowledge; all Purity, and no Humanity; all Simplicity, and no Honeſty; and if you be ſure never to truſt them, they will never deceive you: Their greateſt Care is to contemn their King; their leaſt Care is to ſerve God;

God; for they have no more Conſcience to the One, than Fear to the Other: They give Thanks for Victories when they be routed, and relate Battles and Skirmiſhes as Eye-Witneſſes, when they wink'd for Fear, turn'd back, and with their Eyes thieviſhly robb'd a Pamphlet or Ballad for the reſt. Nor *Pilate* nor *Prince* can command him; nay, he will command them, cenſure them at his Pleaſure, and if they will not ſuffer their Ears to be fetter'd with the long Chains of his tedious Collations, their Purſes to be emptied with the Inundations of his unſatiate Humour, and their Judgments to be blinded with the Muffler of his zealous Ignorance, then he is one of the Wicked, a dead Dog, *&c.* In brief, he is nothing but varniſh'd Rottenneſs, full of ſeeming Sanctity, and mental Impiety, an out-ſide Saint and an in-ſide Devil; to conclude, he is, *&c.*

Jury. His Cauſe is foul, my Lord, and we ſhall, no doubt, give in juſt Evidence againſt him.

Judge. You of the Jury are ſworn for the King, to give in your Evidence in his Majeſty's Behalf, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar; therefore you are now to proceed in your Evidence.

The Jury go out.

Cryer. Make way for the Jury there.

Juſtice. I never heard (ſo long as I have been a Juſtice) of ſo notorious a Malefactor, ſo bloody a Miſcreant.

2. *Juſtice.* He hath been as great a Robber, my Lord, as ever he was a Blood-ſucker; no-

thing comes amiss to him, and his Partner *Army*; the poor *Kingston*-Men dearly suffered for St. *Livesey*, a notorious Thief, who with the rest of his Faction, stole from *Kingston* upon *Thames*, above 2000 Pounds worth of Cloath: My Lord, here is a poor Clothier desires a *Hue* and *Cry* after him.

Justice. Let the Clerk draw it speedily: If these Thieves be suffered long in *England*, we shall not live to enjoy a Penny in Quiet; let there be all Care taken to apprehend the Thieves.

Enter the Jury.

Mr. *Freeman.* Gentlemen, you are all agreed that I should give in the Verdict, you see the Case is plain and evident.

Mr. *Richman.* You shall have my Consent to hang him presently; I am sure my Baggs have been emptied, and drained, for him; and yet the Thief called me Traytor, laid me up in the *Tower*, and made a Shew, as if he would have tried me for my Life; but to tell you true, it was for my Means; 'tis High Treason for any but an Independent to be rich in these Days.

Poor Man. Alas! I am undone by him, a Company of the Saints, as they call them, blundered me, took away my Bald Mare, to make a Dragon on her, and pressed away my Son *Dick* too, cham sure I could neer zet Eye on um zince; a wannion on him, he makes me feed upon Bullion, and glad che have it too; C'have my Consent with all my Heart; wood che had been hang'd Zeven Years ago, then I had had my two Cowes, my Bald Mare, and my Son *Dick* to dress um, and had ought my Landlord, ne'er a Penny a Rent: Hang um, hang um up,

up, I say, we shall never see happy Days else.

Innocent-Man. I have been forced out to fight for I know not what: I have lost Three Sons in this unnatural War, and yet never could understand for what we fight; they made us believe it was for the King, Religion, Laws, and I know not what; but I am sure it was for our Money: I hope God will make them answer for the Blood of my Children; I am sure the Scripture saith. *He that sheds Man's Blood, by Man shall his Blood be shed again*; hang him for me, you shall have my Consent.

Patient-Man. I am sure, Neighbours, I paid all Taxes, Impositions, and Sessments, Subsidies, and found Free Quarter to the Soldier, besides Pole-Money, Free Loans, Contributions, Money, Plate, Men, Horse, Armes; paid to the Weekly Meals, the Weekly Assessments for *Essex* and *Fairfax*'s Army, and yet all I can do is too little for them; I am sure I am quite undone, and the best are no more; I will wait with Patience, till the Measure of their Iniquities are full; the Time cannot be long, if it be not come already; Neighbours, my Verdict is, That he is guilty of Treason, Rebellion, and Blood-shed, and Theft too; that's my Verdict, I'll promise you.

Loyal-Man. Because God's Word taught me, that I should be obedient to higher Powers, for the Lord's sake, who himself paid Tribute, and was obedient to the Death, suffering for the Maintenance of a good Conscience towards God and Man; besides, I have bound my self by my Oath of Allegianc, and Supremacy, to be true to my Soveraigne, and know the Fifth Commandment,

mandment; and have read that Place in the *Proverbs*, *My Son, fear thou God, and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to Change.* They have Voted me a Malignant, for loving my King; but ſo long as God hath commanded it, I think it better to *obey God than Man*; what, though I am ſpoiled of Goods, locked in Priſon; Obedience is beter than Sacrifice, if I ſuffer for a good Conſcience, *I have a God able to deliver me*; yet my Verdict is, if the Law finds him guilty, (as I make no queſtion but he is) let him ſuffer.

Honeſt-Man. Methinks a Man ſhould do as he would be done unto; learn to eſchew *Evil*, and do *Good*: Yet it cannot ſink into my Head, that this Parliament at the Bar, hath done one honeſt or juſt Action theſe Seven Years: Therefore they cannot ſay when they die, Whoſe Ox, or whoſe Aſs, have I taken?

Quiet-Man. The Scripture ſays, *Love one another*, not kill one another: And again, *He that ſaith he loves God, and hateth his Brother, is a Lyar; for how can he love God, whom he never ſaw, and hate his Brother, whom he ſeeth every Day:* I hate none, nor will fight with none; for I have learn'd to know from whence comes Wars, Strifes, and Diſſentions, even from their own Luſts. I have no Enemy worſe than my ſelf: Let me fight with my own evil Affections, and conquer them; not for Religion, otherwiſe than the Three Children in the fiery Furnace, *We have a God able to deliver us.* I hold it unlawful to take up Arms againſt my King, nay, wicked and diabolical; and therefore take him *Derick.*

Wil-

Well-meaning-Man. I believed him at the first, and could not be perſuaded that his Words, and his Intentions, had been died of two ſeveral Colours; but now I ſee he is a meer Jugler, an Impoſtor, and a Parricide, a Thief, and therefore deſerves to be try'd by the known Laws, and to be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd, that is my Verdict.

Enſlaved-Man. Never were Men made ſuch Slaves of, although the Law of the Land ſays, that no Man ſhall be deſtroyed, diſſiezed, or baniſhed, but by the Judgment of his Peers: Yet we are Bridled, Sadled, and rid Hackney at their Pleaſure; every louſy Raſcal in the Army ſhall command our Perſons, and Purſes; ſo the Devil rides the Army, the Army rides the Parliament, the Parliament rides the People, and they, like patient Aſſes, muſt undergo all the Burden, or elſe be Impriſoned, Sequeſtered, Plundered, Taxed, and Undone. I ſay he deſerves Death.

Loſt-all. I am ſure I am Plundered of all, they have not left me worth a Groat; what with Free-Quarter, Seſſments, and the Devil and all; I have loſt all that I dearly earned, and laboured for with the Sweat of my Brows, and now I muſt Beg in my old Days; hang him, I ſay.

Undone-Man I am not alone undone, many a Thouſand are undone as well as I; the Undones are now the greateſt Family in *England*, (thank this bleſſed Parliament) I know no honeſt Man but is a Kin to the Undones; no Trade but is undone, no City but is undone; none but knaviſh Committee-Men, Parliament-Men, Exciſe-Men, and their Vermin, the Soldiers, thrive in theſe Days; they get, and grow rich, whoſoever looſes: Well, I think this Parliament was begotten in an ill Hour, for we never enjoyed happy Days ſince they firſt Sat; they have undone King, Church, and People, and brought all in Bondage, from the higheſt to the loweſt, (themſelves excepted) I ſay, he deſerves to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Fore-Man of the Jury. You are all agreed then to give in your Verdict?

Omnes. We are all agreed; Guilty, guilty.

Cryer. Make way there for the Jury.

Righteous Judge. Parliament, hold up thy Hand: Maſters of the Jury, look upon the Priſoner; is he guilty of this Treaſon, Rebellion, Blood-ſhed, Felony, &c. in Manner and Form, as he ſtands indicted, or not guilty?

Fore-Man. Guilty, guilty, my Lord.

Right-Judge. Parliament, thou haſt heard the heinous Accu-

Accusation that hath been proved against thee, what canst thou say for thy self to award the Sentence of Death from passing on thee?

Parl. The jury have dealt fally; I appeal to *Synod, Scot,* and *Independency,* to plead my Cause.

Judge. There is no Appeal from this Court; besides, *Synod, Scot,* and *Independency,* are Parties, and subborn'd, and as very Thieves as thy self; if thou hast any thing to say, speak, for now the Sentence of Death is passing upon thee.

Parl. O hold, hold, good, my Lord, have Mercy upon me; I beseech your Honour forbear Sentence, even for Reformation sake, the Directory, and New Catechism.

Good Lord deliver me

Judge. Here is no Place of Mercy for thee: God's Vengeance cannot be dispensed withal, no Priviledge will help thee here; this is a Court where Justice must take Place.

Parl. I beseech your Lordship for the Mercy of this honourable Bench, let me have the Benefit of the Clergy, *A Psalm of Mercy,* I beseech you; let it not be said that a Parliament was hanged.

Judge. No, thou hast robbed the Clergy, and hadst no Mercy on thy Brother, neither must thou expect any Mercy from this Court; therefore hear thy Sentence, thou hast been Indicted and Arraign'd of Enmity against God, and the King, of Treason, Rebellions, Blood-sheds, Thefts, *&c.* for thy Tryal thou hast put thy self upon thy Country, which Country hath found the guilty, thou hast had Liberty to plead for thy self, to award the Sentence of Death; but canst not; for thy Guilt is so palpably apparent and grosse, that all the Subtilty, Craft, and Policy, thou canst devise, cannot obscure thee from the Eye of Justice; for this Court, upon thy Tryal, hath found out thy Villany, Treason, Blood-shed, Sacrilege, Theft, and how thou art guilty of all that is laid to thy Charge; therefore the Sentence of this Court is, That thou shalt return to the Place from whence thou camest, and from thence be drawn on a Sledge to the Place of Execution, there be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd: Look to him Jaylor.

Parl. Good, my Lord, the King's Pardon, I beseech you.

Judge. No, you must receive no Message from him; take him away Jaylor.

All Rebels that make War against their King,
I hope to see them with this Traytor swing.

FINIS.